By field and wood and road-side, Delicate, bardy and bold, It blossoms in wild profusion In every color but gold. The children love it dearly, And with dancing feet they go To seek it with song and laughter; And all the people know

That the Emperor's daughter loved it Like any pleasant maid; And, when she died, her father, Stern Kaiser Wilhelm, said:

"This flower my darling cherished, Honored and crowned shall be; Henceforth 't is the Kaiserblume, "The flower of Germany."

Said little Hans to Gretchen, One summer morning fair,
As they played in the fields together,
And sang in the fragrant air:

O look at the Kaiserblumen That grow in the grass so thick! Let's gather our arms full, Gretche And take to the Emperor, quick!

"For never were any so beautiful, So blue and so white and red!" So all they could carry they gathered. And thought of the Princess dead.

Then under the blazing sunshine
They trudged o'er the long white road,
That led to the Katser's palace,
With their brightly nodding load,

And at last all the nodding blossoms Their shining heads hung down— But "Cheer up, Gretchen "' cried little Hans " We've aimost reached the town!"

So they plodded patiently onward, And with hands so soft and small They knocked at the palace portal, And sweetly did cry and call:

"Please open the door, Θ Kaiser! We've brought some flowers for you, Our arms full of Kaiserblumen, All rosy and white and blue!"

A lofty and splendid presence, The echoing stair came down; To know the King there was no need That he should wear a crown. And the children cried: "O Kaiser,

We have brought your flowers so far!

And we are so tired and hungry!

See, Emperor, here they are! They held up their withered posies, While into the Emperor's face A beautiful light came stealing, And he stooped with a stately grace;

Taking the ruined blossoms, With gentle words and mild He comforted with kindness The heart of each trembling child. And that was a wonderful glory That the little ones befell! And when their heads are hoary, They still will the story tell,

How they sat at the Katser's table, And dined with Princes and Kings. In that far off day of splendor Filled tull of marvelous things!

The happy twain were sent, In a gleaming golden carriage With horses magnificent.

And like the wildest vision of Fairy-land it seemed; Hardly could Hans and Gretchen Believe they had not dreamed. —Celia Tharter, in St. Nicholas for August

THE EDITOR'S APPEAL TO DELIN-QUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

Swift he comes—O the comet comes, Ranting through boundless space! Ignoring the laws of the world In his demoniacal race; And well he may—and the world may quall; The comet has billions of leagues by tail!

Tad-pole tail! and a tad-pole head
Of millions of cubic miles!
And he files like a crazy bug
Past planets and moons, and smiles
To see their alarm at his flashes and flames;
But he goes right ahead, never asking their
names!

He comes, he comes, O! swift he comes
A-whizzing right toward the earth;
And we may be in his crazy wake,
And tall by his hellish mirth;
And a bundle of comets with our old ball
We would't compare in value at all.

Ah, yes, he comes, and swiftly comes;
And his path is not defined;
And fearing he might slide in some night,
Suppose that we bear in mind
We should die prepared. Hence, take this
heed:

THE MAN WITH A HOBBY. The editorial head lay in suggestive nearness to a phenomenal cabbage which some elated country subscriber had "left upon our table," and the editorial brain was dozing over an unfinished struggle with the prices of grain as affected by the charges for transportation, when the Man with a Hobby stepped in at the open office-door. He was a little old man in a long linen coat turned back at the wrists, with blue eyes and a broad, beaming face, fringed by thin gray whiskers—a frosty sunrise sort of face—and he carried over his shoulder an unbleached cotton bag. His tread was soft, but steady, and as he lowered his burden to the floor beside him, he said in a pleasant though slightly impetuous tone:

"My name is Joshua Craybill; I live in Burr Oak Bottom, where John Brown stayed the last night he was in Kansas."

The editor had frequently heard of Mr. BY HENRY KING.

The editor had frequently heard of Mr. Craybill, he said with a yawn; had once made mention of him, he believed, in the New Era; and was very glad, indeed, to meet him. He was also familiar with the fact that Old Onarthonic hed. fact that Old Osawattomie had tarried over-night in Burr Oak Bottom on his way to Harper's Ferry. "An age ago, that seems," added the editor, musing.

Harper's Ferry. "An age ago, that seems," added the editor, musing.
"Yes—thank you—yes," said the little old man, alipping into a chair, and pushing the hair from a forehead sphered like that of Horace Greeley. "I'd like to show you my Classification of Credit—my key to the solution of the great financial problem—and explain it to you, briefly." After a short pause, "If you'll listen?" he queried, with a blush and a touch of urging sadness.

Then he drew forth from his cotton bag—"my pillow-case." he called it—a large roll of yellow oil-cloth, which being spread out, displayed upon its creased and glaring sur-

of yellow oil-cloth, which being spread out, displayed upon its creased and glaring surface a series of diagrams, as Joshua Craybill was pleased to term them, painted in aggressive colors and emphasized by sundry mottoes, quotations and caricatures. This was his Classification of Credit, figuratively represented—a bewildering invention at first glance, but yet having

was his Classification of Credit, figuratively represented—a bewildering invention at first glance, but yet having a latent method in its tangled lines and its gaudy, grotesque emblems, that Craybill pointed out with confident fondness, and in the rather hurried manner of one impatient to bestow a favor.

There were three separate, but cognate, "plans" in the classification. The first he named "the ash-hopper" plan, or banking upon a specie basis, shown by an inverted pyramid (py-ramid, the little old man pronounced it), having at the bottom a bright round red spot labeled, "devil's nest-egg." The next was "the store-box" plan, or banking upon bonds, shown by a square, with various queer inscriptions about "centralization," "monopoly," "sepulchers," and so on. The last was the "corn-crib" plan, Joshua Craybill's hobby, shown also by a pyramid (he insisted upon pronouncing it Joshua Craybill's hobby, shown also by a pyramid (he insisted upon pronouncing it py-ramid), but a pyramid standing upon its natural and fixed base, and denoting, as the little old man earnestly put it "the honest dollar as opposed to the rascally dollar"—a currency issued directly to the people upon real estate mortgages, drawing a nominal rate of interest, renewable at pleasure, and to be redeemed "only when the base ceases to cover the issue," he explained—"which will be never!" he called out in a raised and peremptory voice, while a big exultant smile overspread his face; and then he stood gazing at the diagrams in rapt, oblivious silence.

The editor had given careful heed, but

The editor had given careful heed, but somehow he did not altogether comprehend the corn-crib doctrine. People seldom did—at first—the little old man innocently remarked. And yet there was evident thought, and perhaps logic, in Mr. Craybill's giddy diagrams, the editor was free to confess. Most persons, no doubt, would have dismissed such contrivances with the pitying idea that the fashioner thereof was slightly out of gear about the head. But he did not so strike the editor. On the contrary, that out of gear about the head. But he did not so strike the editor. On the contrary, that estimable person was sure he had in his time heard far more incoherent financial theories advanced by men of conceded and applauded levelness of brain, whose talk evinced much less reading than Joshua Craybili's, and who could not on the forfeit of their lives have wade targible weight had by their whiteness with

forth among the yeomary of the county and seek their votes. He must go in an independent role, of course, "scorning the party lash," and all that sort of thing, and asking favor only upon the genuine merits of the corn-crib policy as opposed to the ash-hoper and the store-box devices. It took considerable argument to win Craybill over to the idea of striving for converts to his reform by soliciting votes for himself; but finally he agreed to make the trial. "If only they'll listen to me," he sighed; and the editor said they'd be sure to when once he got fairly started. And then arose a new question; to get votes he must be a candidate, and what should he run for? It would never be known, I suppose, whether or not the editor was serious in his suggestion of the office to which Craybill ought to look; but at any rate it was settled that the next New Era should announce him a People's candidate for Coroner. And upon this understanding, they shook hands warmly and parted.

All nature was a gladdening harmony to Craybill as he trudged along the bottom; oad found a chance, at last; and it re-created the world for him. His inner joy, new-born and textile is just what we want. He lifted his hat and walked with uncovered head under the

seriousness (which she confounded with honesty) among the first of virtues; and when she smited, which she did but rarely, it was with the precision of a spirit-level. Still she was kind, considerate, and, in her way, tender, and I make no doubt that many a night her sleep was touched with splendor by those dreams of apocryphal cavaliers on incredible steeds which unmarried women are said to go on dreaming to the end of their are said to go on dreaming to the end of their works.

are said to go on dreaming to the end of their days.

Unlike most of her sex, she was a good listener, and this was probably her strongest point in Craybill's estimation; for, of all things in human nature, Craybill most liked a good listener. And then, Miss Munger had a predilection for figures and problems, and Craybill furnished them in abundance. She understood, too, or seemed to understand, every thing he said, which pleased and encouraged him; and, furthermore, had she not with her own willing hands made that unique pillow-case in which he kept his diagrams? Yes, they were very good friends, and when he stood there in the door-way with his pillow-case on his shoulder and the bunch of dasies lying at his feet where he had dropped them, and told her

der and the bunch of daisies lying at his feet where he had dropped them, and told her in hasty, general terms of his interview with the editor—"such a nice, reflective man," he said—she actually looked almost designed enough to laugh; and then, at her suggestion, they went into the house and sat by the center-table, to discuss the good news in detail.

Then he was silent and his head dropped; and when directly, Miss Munger gross and when directly. Miss Munger gross and when directly, Miss Munger gross and said when directly. The next New Era contained the announcement of Craybill's candidacy, as promised, and the editor thoughtfully di-rected attention to it in a neat local para-graph (which Miss Munger cut out and graph (which Miss Munger cut out and pasted in her scrap-book), saying, among other things, that "the office of Coroner being so closely connected with the most solemn and tender episodes of human life, it ought not to be made a football of the party caucus or a perquisite of the ordinary political trickster." This stroke was intended, the editor privately assured Craybill with what sincerity I can not say. "to

tended, the editor privately assured Cray-bill—with what sincerity I can not say—"to capture the Grangers," and at the same time, if possible, "head off nominations by the County Conventions." But in the latter respect, at least, it failed. The opposition paper promptly came out with a scathing column article denouncing what it felicitous-ly termed "this solitary horseman nonsense" is termed "this solitary horseman nonsense" as an insult to the intelligence of "a people whose fitness to select their own standard-bearers was their pride and security."

And so two other candidates were duly put into the field against Craybill—one an eclectic physician of limited practice, and the other a dealer in furniture, whose stock included "a full line of ready-made coffins."

Craybill was a good deal dismayed by these movements, and it required all of the self-movements.

making in Kansas!.....Men talked glibly of "the dignity of labor" who had seldom tried any more serious exertion than the manipulation of dominoes, and bawled themselves hoarse over "the tyranny of capital," while they adroitly shifted their property to their wives' names to avoid the payment of their honest debts. Meetings were held almost daily in the several townships; every school-house had its Grange; in every shady corner lounged a group of fatigued patriots, in their Sunday clothes, evolving opinions about "the hard times.".....

In this pervasive and clattering chorus, Craybill's voice was heard as frequently as making in Kansas!.....Men talked glibly of "the dignity of labor" who had seldom

In this pervasive and clattering chorus, Craybiil's voice was heard as frequently as occasion offered, piping the virtues of his corn-crib theory, and caimly, though pointedly, denouncing the ash-hopper and store box iniquities. That he would succeed, he had no longer a hint of doubt; as soon would he have distrusted one of his own diagrams. But Miss Munger, much as she would have liked to share this view of the situation, was vet unable to smother her but husbof scraps again and nicked out on but the situation.

time; and far removed as he always was his blushing face, and said slowly and deman with his chart and his pillow-case.

Really Craybill interested the editor......
He wanted no office, he was proselyting for no party. The most that he desired was an audience, and a new set of diagrams "paint-" mind for a moment, but it was for a moment.

ed on rolling canvas." He did not disguise the feeling that he regarded his key to the solution of the currency riddle as "worth at least \$10,000 for the purposes of a lecture to the Granges;" and yet he was willing to take as an equal parter in this lecture enterprise any reputable person who would advance funds to pay for the new rolling-canvas diagrams. He wished to let his light shine, that was all—"and pay my debts," he sald with a shrug.

They talked an hour or more tagether, Craybill and the editor, mainly with regard to getting the corn-crib doctrine thoroughly before the public; and at length the conclusion was reached that, all things considered, the best way would be for Craybill to go forth among the yeomary of the county and seek their votes. He must go in an independent role, of course, "scorning the party

entily as though he had been doing the like all his life, never once thinking how odd it made him appear, until he reached home and saw the look of surprise and questioning in the face which confronted him at the door and brought him suddenly back to himself.

It was not a pretty face, this woman's. It was of the pinched and juiceless kind, giving an impression of its having been blown upon always by a north wind. The eyes were gray, full, and vaguely engaging, but there were curious little creases about the corners of them, like "gathers" in a piece of muslin, the chin asserted itself prominently over a nar row white collar fastened with a small, intensely searlet carnelian pin. And the form, like the face, also lacked the conventional plumpness, though certain cunning amenities of dress—which women learn, I wonder how?—did considerable to soften and disguise this unhappy fact.

The woman was Miss Abigail Munger, a kind of amateur governess in the family—her sister's family—though ostensibly a boarder there, as Craybill was. She was strong-minded, after a fashion, and kept a scrap-book, and was of that equivocal age which courtesy puts at 23. She had no confidence in any thing unless! toould be demonstrated, as she expressed it. She reckoned seriousness (which she confounded with honesty) among the first of virtues; and when she smited, which she did but rarely, it was with the precision of a spirit-level. Still she was kind, considerate, and, in her way, ten-

and when, directly, Miss Munger arose and started toward the door, and passing him, stopped to bid him good-night, she saw that his eyes were shut, and his mind in dreamland. She did not wake him, she only touched his shoulder with the tips of her fingers.

"Bless his old heart!" she said, under her breath, and went softly out.

her breath, and went softly out.

The next morning, Uncle Clif called to The next morning, Uncle Clif called to congratulate Craybill upon his speech, and to declare to him that if they did not "spring something very smart at the last moment," his election was as good as settled. "We can't figure dead-sure on Sandy precinct," he saiu, "for they're a slippery lot down there; several of 'em have lately moved in and don't talk, several of 'em are on the fence, and several of 'em can be bought; so it may go three or four either way. But the town's for you, after that speech; and most of the country precincis, except Sandy, will

craybill was a good deal dismayed by these movements, and it required all of the editor's knack of persuasion, re-inforced by the efforts of Unele Clif Tompkins, a well known to see his friend the editor, who asserted the street of the editor. tor's knack of persuasion, re-inforced by the
efforts of Uncle Clif Tompkins, a well known
local wire-puller, to prevent him from beating a retreat. By degrees, however, he regained his composure, and Uncle Clif volunteered to assist him n managing his canvas. "This doctor," said Uncle Clif, "is
what the Grangers call a non-producer, you
know. He don't raise any thing, and you
can turn the farming element all against him
on that showing. And the coffin-fellow, h's
a middle-man; he don't raise any thing
elther. He lives on the hard earnings of the
laboring population, and you can upset him
with that. And then those diagrams, that
store-box, that ash-hopper—"
"And the corn-crib," craybill prompted.
"And the corn-crib," choed Uncle Clif.
"How are they going to get over those, I
want to know? They just can't do it—not
this year, Mr. Craybill, when labor is up in
arms and going forth to drive the moneychangers from the temple."

And what a summer that was for speechmaking in Kansas!.....Men taiked glibly
of "the dignity of labor" who had seldom
prevention."

To specify to diverse the regained his composite, and they calcal."

And when he returned home, after sunset,
that every thing was "working like a clock."

And when he returned home, after sunset,
that every thing was "working like a clock."

And when he returned home, after sunset,
that every thing was "working like a clock."

And when he returned home, after sunset,
that every thing was "working like a clock."

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And when he returned home, after sunset,
that every thing was "working like a clock."

And when he returned home, after sunset,
that every thing was "working like a clock."

And when he returned home, after sunset,
that every thing was "working lock."

And when he returned home, after sunset,
that every thing was "working lock."

And when he returned home, after sunset

"I'm giad you've got back," she remark-d at once, in a tone that was low and un-usual with her; and then, as she gathered up the fugitive clippings, she added, with an affectation of girlish chirping which was a melancholy failure, "The stars are very

and diagrams. But Miss Munger, much as she would have liked to share this view of the situation, was yet unable to smother her am igivings. She believed in Craybill's doctrines thoroughly, but she was skeptical times the consing a Coroner. Her uppermoadsire was to have him beat the opposing candiates. She was as anxious as he that his scheme of reform should prevail; but still in more did she long to see him Coroner. The man had become more to her than his hobby that was the truth about it, I conjecture—and between her faith on the one hand in her fears on the other (like most women, she mixed her emotions with her consequence), and could not readily separate them), it was impossible for her to strike a balance; but when she took occasion—one only, and guardedly—to speak this was was a sid," It sail right, it's all right, it's all right, it's all right, it's all right. The sail of the provided tag and the county-seat with the numerous candidates of all kinds for speakers, and the editor informed him that an address was expected from him the same as from the rest of them, he speedily sought this mixed him that an address was expected from him the same as from the rest of them, he speedily sought with some house of the proper of a ruling desire to hear him, and to compare his opinions with conflicting ones; the result of which could not but be the utter contusion and defeat of he ash-hop per and store-bex parties. He pictured it minutely, and talked with her about it a long of the proper and store-bex parties.

It was very kind of her, but the second

It was very kind of her, but the second reading left him yet mentally groping.

"It's the primary postulate I can't fix in my mind," he informed her, and with pitiable sheepishness, he forced himself to add:

"I never saw a sea."

"Nor I," she replied, "except in pictures; but it's not a hard thing to imagine; and any way, in this case, it isn't the sea that signifies so much as some other things—the ship, for instance, and the poor girl on the bank." Then she went on to interpret the verses to him, line by line, as she understood them, dwelling specially upon the lonesome maiden with disheveled hair and widespread arms venturing her heart out to sea in a song; but the effort heart out to sea in a song; but the effort seemed to tease her, for several times she paused and bit her lip as if at a loss for the right word, and at last, with something like desperation, she turned her eyes full upon him and said rather precipitately, though "May be the bother is that you don't un-

"May be the bother is that you don't understand what being in love means?"

"I'm afraid I don't grasp poetry very well," was all the answer he made; and if he had looked closely he would have seen manifest signs of discomfiture in her countenance as she folded the little paper and sat silently twirling it between her rapid fingers, watching him furtively, and glancing now and then at the ceiling. But he saw nothing of her annoyance. He was not thinking now of her, nor of the verses, nor of any thing she had been saying. His mind was busy once more with the financial problem—with the py-ramid, the store-box and the ash-hopper, and the "diagrams painted on rolling canvas." And so he soon recurred to the matter of the mass-meeting, the election, and his conversations with Uncle Clif and the editor, and kept on talking in this strain, apparently forgetful of all else, until a late hour, and ceased his discourse, at length, only when Miss Munger complained, as pleasantly as she could under the circumstances, of the chill night air, and said she must beg to be excused.

During the next week, the closing week of the campaign. Craybill industrionsiy pur-

exalting, went out from him like a benediction, and blessed every thing—so little does it require to satisfy us with life when hat sittle is just what we want. He lifted his hat and walked with uncovered head under the branches of the clustered elms, and in among the great gnarled sycamores that overlooked the bluff behind them like so many giant sentinels. For the first time, the songs of the birds seemed to him not entirely aimless or unaccountably bright and fresh to him; and casual bunch of wild daisies, they looked so unaccountably bright and fresh to him; and he carried them along with him as indifferently as though he had been doing the like all his life, never once thinking how dold it made his like which contronted him at the door and brought him suddenly back to himself.

It was not a pretty face, this woman's. It was softhe pinched and judeless kind, giving all ways by a north wind. The eyes were grayfull, and vaguely engaging, but there were curious little creases about the corners of them, like "gathers" in a piece of mustin, the chim asserted itself prominently over a nar row white collar fastemed with a small, intended him asserted itself prominently over a nar row white collar fastemed with a small, intended him as the door and brought him suddenly back to himself.

Wit was some of those standing nearest the chim asserted itself prominently over a nar row white collar fastemed with a small, intended him asserted itself prominently over a nar row white collar fastemed with a small, intended him as the door and brought him suddenly back to himself.

Wit was often prinched home and saw the look of surprise and questioning in the face also look closely at the diagrams and shake hands at shough the him as indifferently as though he had been doing the like all his life, never once thinking how dold it made his life, and ground him as indifferently as a sudden, somebody cried, Shoot it, and crowded up to the wagon to some and saw the look of surprise and questioning in the face also look of the clarifi Craybill drew apart from the crowd and stood in the corner where the daily accumulations of office dirt and rubbish were swept with rigid method every morning. His coat was buttoned closely and his hat pulled d wn over his forehead, and there was a scared, apprehensive look in his eyes, which deepened to a species of awe as he listened to the editor calling out the figures from the arriving returns. He was so concealed from view, and so reserved, that his presence was soon lost sight of, or was recalled only at intervals and in brief lulls of the conversation; and during the excitement that followed the

soon lost sight of, or was recalled only at intervals and in brief fulls of the conversation;
and during the excitement that followed the
announcement of the final summing up—sn
announcement which told him that in a total
of over twelve hundred votes, just two (Uncle Cliff's and the editor's presumably) had
been cast for him and his hobby!—he stole
quickly and unobserved out of the office,
and down the creaking stairs, and out beyond the town, on the road homeward, the
fatal news ringing in his ears at every step
like the challenge of some pursuing ghost.

It was a superb night, and wretched as
he was, Craybill could not wholly resist its
abundant charm. Possibly his very heartache helped him in some occult way to see
and feel with more than passing acuteness:
certainly the scene aroused, interested, and
even comforted him. He slackened his
pace as he passed over the bluff that shut
out all sight of the town behind him; and
gradually, there in the moonlit wood, among gradually, there in the moonlit wood, among the many-shaped and flitting shadows, the fact of his defeat somehow took the form of a presentiment in his mind, instead of an experience, and he said to himself:

"She knows; yes, she knows."
He was thinking of Miss Munger, and her liscouraging "Don't be too certain," when he had sought to assure her he was going to be elected. Then he stopped, and stood lis-tening to the subdued and tremulous flow of the river, borne to him like music on the clear, eager air; and when he walked on again, he went cautiously and slower than before, as if fearing he might break the grateful spell.

Miss Munger opened the door for him as he came along the little path from the main road to the house, and her woman's swift instinct read his failure in his face. He was spared the necessity of saying he had met defeat; she could see that plainly enough; but it was no easy task to tell her how poignant and how crushing the defeat really was. In time, however, he disclosed it all; not without marks of deep grief, which he did not seek to hide, nor yet omitting to declare his belief that the result might have been entirely different "if only he could have had the diagrams painted on rolling canvas." And then, with bowed head, he awaited her represent

ed her reproach.

But Miss Munger did not reproach him, did not so much as remind him that she had haif predicted just such an ending. She merely gave him to understand, in a few fervent words, how very, very sorry she was, and then changed the subject from a personal to a general character, and began talking to him about courage and fortitude and the chance of finding balm for the worst of wounds. "Clouds only hinder the light," ed her reproach.

chance of finding balm for the worst of wounds. "Clouds only hinder the light," she remarked; "they do not put it out, and it is liable to break through any moment,"—which was quite a neat way of putting it, she flattered herself.

He did not comprehend her, however, except in a theoretical sense, as she could readily see; and so she made bold to grasp other tactics, and assert in plain and direct terms what she had vainly aimed to betray to him delicately and by inference.

"This is all for you," she said "and your good. You are throwing your life away.

"This is all for you," she said "and your good. You are throwing your life away. You brood too much; you are not enough like other men. And it's all wrong. You need a home of your own"—she spoke less firmly now, and in a persuasive fashion—"a bome, I say, and somebody to think about. It wouldn't be any trouble at all for you to find a woman to love you, and understand you, and be your wife—I know it wouldn't. Why don't you get married?"

"Yes—tnank you—yes," Craybill stammered, hardly knowing what he was doing, the situation was so new and so confounding.

founding.
She could restrain herself no longer. started from her seat and walked briskly across the room; then she whisked round and retraced her steps in the same impul-sive, hastening manner, and stood creet be-fore him, her hands clasped, and her eyes red

with repressed tears.
"Joshua Craybill," she exclaimed, "you're a goose!"

He did not reply at once, and did not look up until he heard the window raised and the shutters thrown open violently; and then he saw her leaning against the window-side, with her arms resolutely folded, and her face concealed from him in the ruffled cur-

tains.
"I guess I am," he presently observed, and dropped his head again and was silent. She stood gazing through the window at the heavens, and longing to have him speak But he said no more, and did not stir. The stars shone feebly, she noticed, and the moon was dim and un-teady, and all at once the surrounding clouds closed upon it and shut it from sight. Then she turned away, and went stealthily back to Craybill, who still sat there with bowed head and silent. She called him gantly by name. but he gast. she called him gently by name, but he gave no response; she took his hand in hers an instant, and released it suddenly, and he murmured something in broken accents, of which she caught only the words, "diagrams—rolling canvass," and then his chin sunk upon his breast, his limbs relaxed slowly, and he made no further sign.

Ill., while in the act of adjusting some machinery was caught in the belting and his body whirled around at least a bundred times before the terrible acci- of March." The Waterloo Observer dent was discovered. His body was literally torn to pieces.

Says if that's the case it will hardly pay to get out a directory this year.

Says if that's the case it will hardly pay to get out a directory this year.

FARM TOPICS.

KILLING CABBAGE WORMS .- It is said that cayenne pepper sprinkled over cabbage plants is a sure preventive of worms, destroying them, and will not injure the plants. It would probably be more effectual if a light tincture made, and the plants lightly watered with it. The surer way, however, is to catch the mother butterflies, with an insect sweep net, which any one may make by attaching a bag of millinet two and a half feet long to a stout hoop, and attaching a three-feet handle thereto this connection, a correspondent, M. V. L. A., Morrisonville, Ill., writes: "My

experience with the green cabbage worm was of benefit to my neighbors as well as myself. On their first appearance, there were hundreds. I dusted black pepper over them before the dew was off. After the second application, only 12 worms remained on 130 heads of cabbage. I sent them to bug heaven by rubbing turpentine on their backs with a feather, and now our patch is entirely unmolested."-Western Rural. DRY Cows .- It is a common practice

among some dairymen to give their cows, while dry, but scanty living. When a cow ceases to give milk, or is dried up, any feed is considered good enough for her. I think this is a great mistake; and the result is a diminished product of milk, both in quantity and quality, when she does come in. is a large draught on the system to sus-tain the calf while the cow is carrying it, and to keep the cow in good condi-tion good feed is an important as when she is giving milk. It is my opinion that \$1's worth of food when the cow is dry is worth \$1.50's worth after she comes in. An animal in poor condition can not digest as much food as an animal in good condition. If the cow is poor when she comes in, she will not digest enough food to support the sys-tem, and at the same time to make a tem, and at the same time to make a large quantity of milk. The practice of turning cows out on poor feed while dry, expecting to make up when they come in, by good feed, is a very uneconomical one, and will not be allowed by good and careful dairymen. The way I treat my cows when they get a calf is as follows: In the summer time I keep them in the stable for two days, feed good hay, give one duart wheat bran lowed by the first same time and the stand over night. To 6 or 7 quarts of vinegar and a nunce each of ground cloves, allspice and pepper, 2 ounces of turmeric and 1 pound of mustard seed. Let the vinegar and spice come to a boil, put in the vegetables, and scald until tender and a little yellow. good hay, give one quart wheat bran low. morning, noon and night. I also give them a bucketful of lukewarm water with a pint of rye flour in it, morning and evening. In the winter time I keep them three days in the stable, and with such treatment I never had a sick cow. My father kept cows 45 years, and he always gave them rye flour in the water;

he never lost a single cow, and owned as high as 30 different cows in one year. -Cor. Practical Farmer. FEEDING FOWLS FOR HEALTH .- It is my sincere belief that fully one-half of the diseases which affect poultry are the diseases which affect poultry are brought on by a torpid liver. It is frequently the trouble with old and very fat fowls. The excess of fat appears to injure the blood, and the liver is the first organ to feel the effects. Beyond a cortain extent an overhyrden of fat injure the blood, and the liver is the first organ to feel the effects. Beyond a certain extent, an overburden of fat in birds or animals preeds disease. They should be kept in what is termed a good working condition, except when being fitted for the shambles. Farther than this the effect is damaging. The liver becomes affected, and the other organs becomes affected, and the other organs suffer in sympathy. The evil of intemperance may be indulged in by eating as well as by the partaking of ardent or other feature affected with superfluous hair, with ammonia or camphor as can be borne, and the hair the health, and produces disease in one form or another. For this reason a change of diet is desirable. After fowls long hairs in them, should be touched large is no reason why they do not need shells. Where fowls have been kept for in the system, and this is to be supplied a number of years, year after year, in the system, and this is to deprive a number of years, year after year, in the system, and this is to deprive a number of years, year after year, in by a free use of beefsteak, soups, pure the same place, ranging over the yards beef gravies and red wines. Sandy hair, at will, there is not an inch of ground that they have not traveled over again and again, and picked up all the substances available to them. Fowls do may be improved by delicately cutting not, like turkeys, range at long dis-tances, but are more attached to their regular runways, and feed only therein. of ointment of nitric oxide of mercury Cousequently all the material required by them is closely hunted out. An old anvil, or a large hard stone, should be kept for this purpose near their feeding places, and also a large heap of shells. Break a suitable quantity each day (as they relish them better freshly broken) larger, while in the breaking there will also be some like dust and sand. Of this they are fond. When this practice is followed up through the season, the fowls will be more contact. season, the fowls will be more quiet, and scratch less. They are as often searching for something to cut their the face. For pimples on the face use food, when scratching, as for any thing this recipe: Thirty grains of bicarelse. The birds will be more healthy, bonate of soda, 1 dram of glycerine, 1 and will perform their regular func-tions, and give their owner less cause the face; let it remain for a quarter of of complaint. If well cared for, fowls will not be troublesome, and one need not be particular about the breed. baths in soft water will do as much Brahmas are sluggish and take on fat for the complexion as any thing I know easily, from the fact that they gorge and cram themselves with food. There is room for study while feeding fowls, where there are a variety of breeds kept together. The Leghorns will pick two to the complexion as any thing I know of. After a bath always use a coarse towel and rub the bedy until a brisk circulation ensues. For profuse perspiration, use one tablespoonful of ammonia in a wash-bowl of water. Do not use or three dozen kernels, and are off much hair oil-this is an unclean habit about other business -gathering their of the toilet-but instead use the hairgreen food, or reposing in the shade, dressing their plumage—while the larger breeds will remain as long as dance of fiesh must let all oily matters dance of fiesh must let all oily matters there is a kernel left. A good way to manage them is to fill them up with broken pottery or coarse food. There were bitter complaints about the Leghorns last spring. They were accused of scratching all the grass up in the lawns and wallowing boles.

of scratching all the grass up in the lawns, and wallowing holes in the walks. I investigated the matter. The walks, underneath the gravel, were paved with clam-shells the gravel paved with the were determined to unearth them. I have the ends clipped once a month. inquired into the matter, and found that inquired into the matter, and found that the birds were suffering from the lack "dowry" of hair, if she only takes of their usual supply. A ration was provided for them each day, and the complaint ceased, while the production fort .- Cor. De'roit Free Press. of eggs almost immediately increased. There is perhaps no breed of fowls that shows the effects of a change more readily than the Leghorns. I do not say that in this respect they excel all others, but in my own experience I have found it to be the case with them There is no variety that will bear neglect and prosper. There is no denying the fact that our fowls for the past 15 or 20 years have been gradually improving, both as regards the quality of the flesh and the egg production. Not only in beauty and variety, but in utility and adaptation to many different requirements, we have birds of all sorts, colors, classes

and sizes. One can choose for himself. -Cauntry Gentleman. ONE of the institutions of London is the charwoman, or chorewoman. Does woman fail as a servant, does the eyesight of a seamstress give way, is the wife or widow of an artisan er laborer overtaken by adversity, she falls into the great army of charwomen. Some are trustworthy and are employed for years in the same family and take care of the house. Their pay is from fity to 75 cents a day, with food.

—A Chicago editor shouts: "We have killed 804,000 hogs since the first N. B.—RE PONSIBLE AGENTS WANTED. pay to get out a directory this year.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE TABLE. —Green Corn Pudding: 1 quart of milk, 3 beaten eggs, 1 dozen ears of corn grated, 1 tablespoonful each of butter and sugar, and a little salt; bake in a covered pudding-dish 1 hour.

-Fried Cucumbers: Pare, cut into engthwise pieces a quarter of an inch thick and lay in cold or ice-water half an hour. Take out, wipe with a nap-kin, season with pepper and salt, dredge with flour and fry to a light brown. -Iced Coffee: Make more coffee than you are in the habit of doing for breakfast. Add to it about one third as much boiling milk as you have cof-fee, and set away to cool. Place on ice and serve for dinner or tea, with lump sugar and cracked ice in each tum-

-Apple Fritters: Peel some apples and cut them in slices; put a little su-gar over them and some lemon juice. Let the pieces soak a couple of hours; then dip each piece in pancake batter, and have ready a frying-pan, with two inches deep of fat. When hot, put the slices of apple in one at a time, turn over with a slice as they are doing, and serve with powdered loaf sugar. -To Pickle Fruit: The following ex-

cellent mode is practiced in many faminies: To each peck of fruit allow 4 pounds of sugar, a pint of sharp vine-gar, and spice to taste; boil the vinegar and sugar together for a few minutes, then drop in the fruit and boil until moderately soft; when done pour the vinegar over them and let them stand until cold before covering. Plums, peaches, pears, etc., can be done in this way. -English Mixed Pickles: 1 peck of

small green tomatoes; 3 dozen small cucumbers, 2 heads of cauliflower, 4 peck of tender string beans, 6 bunches

THE TOILET. So many have asked for recipe to remove superfluous hair and none have made reply that I have taken pity on the afflicted ones and send in my mite, taken from the best medical authority. Superfluous hair is as troublesome to those that have it as baldness is to others. There is no way to re-move it but by diluted acids or caustics, patiently applied time after time, as the hair makes its appearance. The mildest depilatories known are parsley water, or straggling on the nape of the neck Muriatic acid, very slightly reduced, ap-plied with a sable pencil, will destroy the hair; and to prevent its growing the part may be bathed with strong camphor or clear ammonia. The depchange of diet is desirable. After fowls have been fed to a certain extent on one kind of food, change it, and mark the effect. But it matters little what feed we give to our fowls, more especially laying hens, if we neglect to give them gravel. This is quite as important as the food itself. They require a daily supply of broken clam or oyster shells. These they devour eagerly, and they are as necessary in summer as in winter. Because the fowls run at large is no reason why they do not need to brush the back hair upward from childhood, to prevent the disfiguring growth of weak, loose hairs on the neck. Fine clean wood ashes, mixed with a little water to form a paste, makes a tolerable depilatory for weak hair, without any pain. Strong pearlash washes also kill out poor hair. Now, sisters, some of these many hints may be of use to you. Pale hair shows a want of iron to you. Pale hair shows a want of iron or all diseases caused by Malarial

proper care of it. Any woman can be beautiful if she will only make the ef-How Women Would Vote. Were the question admitted to the ballot, and women were allowed to vote, every wom-an in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's Fa-vorite Prescription would vote it to be an un-failing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. Dr. Pierce has received hundreds of grateful testimonials of its curative power. Iowa Crry, Iowa, March 4, 1878. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—For many months I was a great sufferer. Physicians could afford me no re-lief. In my despair I commenced the use of

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